THE PRETTY SHOP GIRL.

PATTY PRICE started out of a reverie, and clutching at a box of ribbons, brought it down, a rainbow avalanche upon he her head.

"Dear me!" said the customer, who had broken in on her thoughts, "how very clumsey."

Patty colored, pouted, and bit her lip.

The proprietor of the shop came to the rescue, and Patty vanished.

"Patty Price," said Mr. Denbrooke, after the customer had gone, with a quarter of a yard of six-penny ribbon in her pocket, "what ails you of late?"

"What ails me?" repeated Patty shrugging up one shoulder, and looking very hard at the box of mixed hair-pins that she was making a pretext of arranging.—"Nothing ails me. Why should you ask?"

"Because," said Mr. Denbrooke, with grave, fatherly kindness, "you are not your old self at all. Because your mind is not on your business. Because, whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. Patty, my girl you are an orphan, and our Charley thinks a deal of you—two good reasons that I should be glad to have you in my shop.

"But, Patty, your services will be worth nothing at all to me, if you don't put a little more heart into them."

Patty contracted her pretty arched brows, and muttered something about "not expecting to spend all her days in a thread-and-needle shop," which Mr. Denbrooke made it convenient not to hear.

But Grizzy Walters, the forewoman, nodded her head significantly, as Patty went out.

"Ah!" said Grizzy, in a meaning sort of monosyllable. "She's got a beau."

"Eh!" said Mr. Denbrooke. "Oh! you mean my nephew, Charley," with a glance at the high-railed cashier's desk, where the identical Charley in question was at that moment engaged in casting up a long column of figures, with one pen in his hand and another behind his ear.

"No," said Grizzy. "Not your nephew, Patty has taught herself to look higher than that now."

"Walters, what do you mean?" demanded Mr. Denbrooke.

"He lodges at the St. Nicholas, and wears fine broadcloth and varnished boots," said Grizzy, maliciously enjoying the commotion she was creating in Mr. Denbrooke's mind. "He's a fine gentleman, and comes in here often to buy little things, handkerchiefs, and neck-ties, and the like. I saw him when he first came, and said something pretty to Patty about her blue eyes. They walk together on Sunday afternoons, and Patty thinks she's going to be a fine lady."

"What's his name?" asked Mr. Denbrooke, after an uncomfortable silence.

"He *calls* himself Sinclair," said Grizzy, with an incredulous toss of the head.

"I must speak to Patty about it," said Mr. Denbrooke, much disturbed.

"She'll only be offended," said Grizzy.

"No matter if she is," nodded Mr. Denbrooke. "Her best friends should have her best interests at heart."

Grizzy Walters was right.

Patty colored and tossed her head when Mr. Denbrooke ventured to ask a few questions about this fine new lover of hers.

She "wasn't aware that it was anybody's business what she did with herself after business hours," and answered so tartly that poor Mr. Denbrooke was quite discouraged.

"It's only for your good, Patty," said he.

"I'm much obliged to you, I'm sure," retorted Patty, in a tone which expressed exactly the reverse; "but I can take care of my own good!"

"Yes, but if Charley——"

"Charley is nothing to me, one way or the other."

"But you're a good deal to Charley," cried out Mr. Denbrooke in despair.

"I can't help that, I'm sure," said Patty. And that was all the good it did.

"Patty! Patty!" he remonstrated, "fine gentlemen don't mean any good when they come philandering around shop girls. Take warning, Patty, child. Remember the old fable of the stone pot and the iron pot."

But Patty Price only flounced out of the room.

It was late when she escaped from the shop that night—past ten, with a full moon shining in the sky.

And just as she slipped out of the side door, looking like a bewitching little nun, in her water-proof wrap, with a hood drawn over her head, Charley Denbrooke came forth from the other entrance.

"I may go home with you, Patty?"

"I'd rather walk alone," said Patty.

"It is late."

"I'm not at all afraid."

"But, Patty," still pleaded the young man, "I think——"

"What you think don't matter one way or the other!" cried out the girl. "You are not my keeper, Charles Denbrooke."

And she ran past him like an arrowy gleam of lightning.

Charley, honest fellow stared after her in mute amaze.

"Does she mean to give me the cold shoulder?" he asked himself. "But she can't offend me, not if she tries ever so hard, dear little blue-eyed Patty. I'll follow her at a distance, and see that she gets safe home. She can't prevent *that*."

But Charley wavered in his resolution when turning the corner by the park, he saw Patty joined by a tall, stylish figure in a fur-trimmed overcoat, and such a silk hat that he—Charley—could only afford to wear on Sundays and high holidays.

He paused a second looking after them, and then turned back, with a heart as heavy as lead in his bosom.

Meanwhile Patty tripped along by the side of her cavalier as light as a lark.

"You're late to-night, my darling," said he of the fur-trimmed overcoat.

"Yes," said Patty. "We're taking account of stock, and——"

"Spare me that trade-jargon, if you please," said Mr. Sinclair, elevating both hands with a deprecating air.

"I beg your pardon," fluttered Patty.—"I had forgotten you didn't like it."

"Because you know, my dear," said Mr. Sinclair, patronizingly, "you're such a nice little creature when you *do* remember yourself. Let me see—it's your eighteenth birthday to-morrow!"

"How did you know it?" cried out the enchanted girl.

"A little bird told me" (Mr. Sinclair might have said, with more truth, that the innocent damsel herself divulged the fact some days ago in her unconscious prattle), "and I havn't forgotten it. I don't forget. Here's a birth-day gift for you, *cara!*"

"Not a fifty-pound note!" cried Patty, as the gleam of a street-lamp fell across the slip of paper in her lover's hand.

"Oh, that is nothing—nothing at all. I would have picked out something myself if I had thought I could have suited you!" said Sinclair, loftily.

Patty's eyes glittered.

Here was a *preux chevalier*, indeed.

How long would it have been before Charley Denbrooke gave her a fifty-pound note?

And Patty resolved that she would buy a velvet cloak, just like those worn by the carriage customers.

She asked for an afternoon's holiday the next day, and went out with glowing cheeks and dimpling lips, to make her purchase.

What would Walters and Hetty Clark and all the other shop hands say when they saw her, Patty Price, resplendent in a new velvet basque?

She bought it, and ordered it to be sent to the shop.

"I'll try it on there," she thought, "and then they can all see it."

But the next morning, as she took off her bonnet and shawl in the back of the shop, in walked the proprietor of the velvet-cloak establishment with a policeman at his elbow.

"We want Miss Martha Anna Price," said he. "She bought a cloak at our place yesterday—and she paid for it with a counterfeit note. Here it is."

"Impossible!" cried Mr. Denbrooke.

"Quite out of the question," said Charley, bouncing down from the cashier's desk. "Our Patty never could——"

"It is quite true," said Patty, as she advanced, pale as death and trembling all over. "I did buy the cloak. I did pay the note for it, and received thirty pounds in change. Here they are in my pocket, now. But I never dreamed that the note was anything but a good one."

"I've heard all that before," remarked the policeman, nonchalantly. "Where did you get it?"

Patty colored scarlet.

"It was given me by Mr. Montpensier Sinclair," she answered in a low tone.

"Can you identify him?"

"Certainly."

"Then p'raps you had better come along with us. If you are really only a tool in his hands, why, things won't go quite so hard with you. Step along anyhow. We can't stand here waiting all day."

"Stop," said Charley Denbrooke; "I will go with her."

And Patty's limpid eyes, all swimming in tears, thanked him.

Mr. Montpensier Sinclair, who had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the police just as he was developing a nice little scheme for making a great deal of money out of a very little capital, was duly identified by poor mortified Patty.

She hardly dared look at him for fear of hurting his feelings, but she might have spared herself the apprehension.

Mr. Montpensier Sinclair was used to that sort of thing.

"Oh," said Mr. Sinclair, swinging his legs easily, and chewing a straw, "it's the pretty shop-girl. I thought so."

And Patty colored redder than ever, with indignant mortification.

As it was so evident that she was only an instrument in the hands of the crafty counterfeiter—"a feeler," as he called it, of the success of the notes—Patty Price was released without any further trouble, and she returned to the shop a wiser and a sadder girl.

"Charley," she faltered, "I've treated you shamefully."

"Never mind that, Patty, darling," said young Denbrooke. "We're all liable to mistakes, and I'm only glad you've found yours out before it was too late."

And so they "kissed and made it up," as all true lovers should.

An Incident of the Rebellion.

ON the 13th of October, 1863, the Provost Marshal of Williamsburg, Lieutenant W. W. Disosway was shot dead by a soldier named James Boyle, whom he had ordered under arrest for disorderly conduct. The murderer was immediately seized, ironed, and pending his trial, confined in Fort Magruder, an extensive earthwork about a mile below the town of Williamsburg.

About this time word was brought to the headquarters of the Union army that Richmond was practically defenseless. The regular troops, it was said had all been sent to the front, and only a few home guards kept watch over the city.

An attack was immediately determined on, and the scattered troops were drawn together for that purpose. A brigade of infantry, three batteries of artillery and four regiments of cavalry comprised the expedition. They were moved cautiously, and rendezvoused in the woods on the road leading from Yorktown to Williamsburg. Then they pushed on, a general order having been read to the troops informing them that they were to move on to Richmond.

There were the strongest reasons for believing that by being cautious, bold and expeditious, the cavalry could enter Richmond, liberate the prisoners confined in Libby and Castle Thunder, capture President Davis and the officers of his government, seize the treasury, destroy the vast depots of supplies, burn the bridges across the James, and otherwise weaken the defenses of the city. Certain officers and squadrons were assigned to perform certain portions of the work of destruction, and Capitol square designated as the general rendezvous, when the work should have been thoroughly accomplished. On the 2nd or 3rd of February, the murderer Boyle, whose trial had been for some reason delayed, escaped in the night from his prison at Fort Magruder, through the connivance of one of his guards.—Search was immediately made in all directions, and every possible effort made for his recapture. But all exertions were fruitless.

In the meantime the expedition was pushing on to the point of its destination. To divert the enemy's attention General Sedgwick's corps had been thrown across the Rapidan and had engaged a large portion of Lee's army, and the "raiders" were unmolested. At daylight on the morning of the 7th of February, the infantry reached Baltimore Cross Roads, where they made a brief halt for rest. At the same time, however, the extreme cavalry advance had reached Bottom Bridge within 13 miles of Richmond. It was intensely dark when they reached there, and a careful reconnoissance showing that the bridge had been stripped of its planking it was resolved to wait until daylight. The strictest orders were issued against lighting fires or making unnecessary noise, and the pickets were thrown out in all directions. The condition of the bridge caused the more sagacious officers no little uneasiness. They saw in it an evidence that the expedition had been discovered, in which event surprise was impossible and success doubtful. The army rested on their arms as patiently waiting and watching for the first skimmering of dawn, full of confidence and hope. But, alas! by the dim light of the coming day the outer pickets discerned a long line of shadowy figures filing down the road, on the opposite bank of the stream, and taking position to oppose the passage of the bridge. An old earthwork which had been thrown up by McClellan during his Richmond campaign of the year previous, soon shielded them from view, and, as no enemy could be seen through the mists which hung over the little valley, when the balance of the army came up the reported discovery of the pickets was not believed.

The brigade was speedily mounted and put in motion. But scarcely had the advance guard crossed the brow of the little hill and commenced the descent towards the ruined bridge, when a puff of white smoke was observed beyond the stream, instantly followed by the deafening boom of a gun and the wild shriek of a shell. That cannon shot destroyed in an instant all hope of surprising Richmond; and being too weak in numbers to hope for a successful assault, the expedition was reluctantly abandoned, and the troops, weary, disheartened, and disappointed, returned leisurely to Williamsburg.

For a long time it was a matter of profound wonder how the secret of the expedition was carried to Richmond. Men of high rank were suspected, and more than one staff officer was dropped from the rolls because of a suspicion that he may have imparted the information so valuable. At last, however, the fac's came out; and herein is the really curious part of this chapter on the history of our late war. Boyle, the escaped murderer, had obtained his liberty just as the expedition was collecting. From the guard who connived at his escape he had learned the prevalent rumors of a contemplated dash on Richmond. In his flight, which was toward the threatened city, he gained more information, and reached Richmond soon enough to give timely alarm, and General Lee's army was hurried forward to defeat the movement. By such a singular coincidence was Richmond saved. Boyle enlisted in the Southern service, but of his consequent life nothing is known.

Terrific Scene in a Menagerie.

A DESPERATE battle was fought recently between two of Barnum's rhinoceroses which had it not been for the successful intervention of the keepers, would have resulted in the death of one of the animals. One of the combatants was a large male, weighing 4,500 pounds, and the other a female, weighing 3,500 pounds. The fight resulted from an attempt of the keepers to place the female in a pen with the male. The cage containing the female was wheeled near the entrance of the pen, and the animal driven from one to the other. The male became furious at this intrusion, and, laying aside all gallantry, charged furiously upon the object of his wrath, driving her into one corner of the cage. The female then faced her adversary and fought bravely, and was able to defend herself so long as she did not expose her flanks to the enemy. In her struggles however, she was thrown crosswise of the pen, when her opponent gored her fearfully in the side with his tusk, actually lifting her from the floor. The struggles of the huge animals were accompanied with loud roars, the tumult being augmented by the affrighted cries of the other animals composing the menagerie. The beasts threw their combined weight against the bars of the cage, which threatened to break under so much strain.

At length, after several desperate encounters, both brutes fell back for a fresh onset, and then Mr. Fuller and his assistants flung in between the combatants a huge pile of lumber which they had collected and kept in waiting for this opportunity, pushed a broad board along the top of the barricade and hung a great piece of awning over it. The effect of this manœuver was miraculous. The moment its enemy disappeared from sight each animal appeared to utterly forget all about the late unpleasantness, and quietly lay down in its improvised compartment as though nothing whatever had happened to irritate its pachydermatous feelings. The female—which, by the way, was the aggressor, and is held entirely responsible for the row—happened to lie down on the side of the pen near the door. The wheeled cage in which she had just completed a trip through the country, was soon rolled up to this door, and, after much coaxing and pitch-fork persuasion, she was induced to enter it, and was driven off to a different corner of the building. It was found that her thick hide had been penetrated by the horn of her antagonist in some twenty places, but none of the wounds are likely to prove serious. She lay quietly in her old cage for the remainder of the day, and looked as if she considered herself well out of a disagreeable business. The male rhinoceros received only two slight wounds, one under the ear and another on the hip. He was sentenced to be kept standing up all day—a punishment against which he remonstrated now and then, but bore pretty philosophically on the whole. While the combat lasted, the anxiety of the more intelligent keepers was very great, though their presence of mind never deserted them for a moment. The solid iron bars of the cage were bent and twisted like wire, and its thick partition of stout three-inch plank were parted and nearly broken down altogether. Had they given way entirely, the door on Twenty-sixth street would have been burst open, the great elephant (which had already made several angry demonstrations) would have taken part in the fight and brought the other elephants in with it, and there is no telling what the consequences might be. A single one of those huge beasts in its fury could have smashed the cages of the other animals all to pieces in a few seconds, and the result would be appalling. That the other animals had a thorough appreciation of what was going on in the cages of the rhinoceroses and expected the war would extend to their own premises, was pretty clearly shown by the large elephant, whose constant companion was a setter dog. During the fight this dog made several attempts to take a peep at the proceedings; but on every occasion the elephant lifted her protege on her trunk, tenderly dropped him behind her, and stepped to the front herself. About one o'clock the damaged cages and pens were all refitted and strengthened, the howlings had ceased, and the Hippodrome and its attaches were ready to proceed with the afternoon performance.

We don't Want to be There.

A New York paper of a recent date, says: "Shooting at a noise is the latest and sharpest practice for target companies in the suburbs. The marksman is blindfolded, armed, whirled about, and ordered to fire at a target indicated by continuous rapping on it. The rapping is not done by flesh and blood, but by spiritual or mechanical agency indifferently, and the rest of the company drop on their bellies at the word 'fire.' The idea originated, we believe, in a German and a gallon of lager.